Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXII. OCTOBER, 1913. No. 5

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

GOD LIVETH EVER 49
ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP 49
THE STILL HOUR 50
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 51
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL 53
WHEN CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN IS RIGHT 53
NATURAL HISTORY:—
OCTOBER GOLD 54
JOAN OF ARC, III. 54
AFTER THE BATTLE: VISIT TO GETTYSBURG, JULY 7, 1863 56
ABOUT THE BIRDS 58
THE LAST HERON 58
DROWNING BOY SAVED BY DOG 58
AMUSEMENT COLUMN 59
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 60
IMPORTANT NOTICES 60

GOD LIVETH EVER.

Lift up your eyes unto the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away li e smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and the people that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

—*Isaiah li. 6.*

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found.
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can He
Turn to joy our agony.
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
Who gave the eye its power to see?
Shall He not hear his children weep
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God; He sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears.
Soul, forget not, 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never.
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet;
Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for his grace is sure,
Ever doth his truth endure;
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewilder'd with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own his hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not, in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

—*Lyra Germanica.*

ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

Jesus was fond of climbing the mountains, to converse with the Spirit of Life. In the crowds there was an immense draft upon his strength,—the sick and the lonesome taking, as he expressed it, life from him; but, as he says in another place, "I came that ye might have more life." He was essentially a life-giver, an inspirer. To renew the life which he cheerfully gave he must occasionally re-

tire from the direct work of a teacher,—understand what he undertook to do, not simply to talk about truth to the people, but so to talk it that they would be impelled to accept it and use it; and this they did. He was called a healer, as every one is who helps the weaker. Jesus must renew his vitality as well as his spirituality.

Note that Jesus' idea of retirement was not to retreat into a cell nor even into a private room. He wanted the sunshine around him, and the fresh air and the mountain breeze; and he wanted that broad vision of God's presence which is found only where Nature can express herself to the senses of folk. There is not a hint anywhere in the Gospels that favors the cenobitic life, even temporarily. Live out in the sun; let your heart throb with Nature; sing with the birds, and all the time know what is going on about you. This is the true minister to souls, the man who sees most, quite as much as the man who feels most. A man who cannot pray with his eyes open is in the same situation as one who cannot walk because his eyes are shut. You can walk better with your eyes open, and you can pray better with your eyes open. You do not need to shut out the world.

It is true that God is in the clover, both in blossom and in leaf; but that is largely to the eye that has some knowledge of botany. He is even in the sand grain to the geologist. That which is within finds that which is without. If the soul is empty, then Nature is blank for anybody. There is more of God, however, even to the simple sort of folk, in a great mountain.

All this comes to the simple truth that those who love God, and who want to find a great deal of him, should form a habit early in life of retiring from common affairs occasionally, to be filled with that inspiration which comes from contact with higher nature. Do not always seek the fair or the exhibition that will draw crowds of people and much that is beautiful and useful; for there surely is some spot, that almost any one can find, where he will see the world as an inspiration and exaltation.

It is just here that we find the crossing place. Not all of his time, nor indeed the most of it, did Jesus spend talking with God. He was also brother of man. The larger part of his days were spent hard at work with his disciples and the crowds. Wherever he went, his mission was to ennoble man, enlarge life and clean it of vulgarity. He brought his Godhood and inspiration into his contact with the people. It was this very inspiration which made him the Saviour of the world. It was this occasional climbing up the mountain-sides that not only gave him power to reach others, but gave his words power to come down to the present time, even a power that is increasing with every generation. Jesus also walked in gardens and cornfields. He did not take his disciples to the mountains, but led them into Gethsemane and even through the streets of Jerusalem. If they would climb the mountains, they must go by themselves; and so must we all.

This mountain business is the rare, grand hour that lifts the common man above himself, fills him full of aspiration, and, above all, says to him, Thou, too, art a son of God. It leaves him with a higher ambition for his work, and a holier stimulus for bearing the burdens of life, for himself and for others. That minister is never safe who does no mountain climbing, who satisfies himself with plodding the valleys and doing the level, every-day work involved in self-sacrifice. Enough of this demands the all-alone climb,—no, not alone, but with God.—*The Christian Register.*

THE STILL HOUR.

ON HOLY GROUND.

What has drawn us thus apart
From the common daily round,
Bringing here a lowly heart,
Standing as on holy ground?

Morning visions high and pure;
Glorious things that are to be;
Faith and hope that shall endure;
Love's abiding unity;

All the things that make for peace
In the daily toil and strife;
All that can our part increase
In the world's diviner life.

Short the time together here;
Then, with earnest heart and hand,
Back to life with freshened cheer,
Every vision God's command!

—*John W. Chadwick.*

To work without hope is discouraging. We need the sense of progress to cheer and sustain us. To go round and round on a treadmill of mere drudgery takes our spirit out of us. Therefore, we need a deeper and larger hope. We need to have faith in mental, moral, and spiritual progress, in the growth of the soul, in the unfolding

of its higher powers, its larger faculties. We need to have faith that the years, as they come and go, may give us a deeper experience, may lift us to a larger vision, may enable us to come nearer to God in faith, nearer to man in human sympathy and love.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The history of evolution is one long record of victory in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles. Man is man because he is ever doing the impossible—or that which seems such to weakness and folly.—*W. E. Simonds.*

God touches a soul, and he is born. God surrounds a soul with an atmosphere, and he lives and grows. He is not Judæan, he is not Hindu, he is not Greek, he is human. His mission is not to one race and clime, it is to all races and all climes.—*F. A. Hinckley.*

On a day of gloom and depression, when sky and mind were alike overcast and the nervous tides were at ebb, I mournfully asked, "Shall I ever again be young and well?" The answer came like a soft, cheery inward voice, "I shall never be otherwise than young and well." What had a passing cloud to do with the eternal prospects of a son and heir of God?—*Charles G. Ames.*

We have within us a higher force than all the forces of material nature,—a power of will which can adhere to duty and to God in opposition to all the might of the elements and all the malignity of earth or hell. Man has capacities, thoughts, impulses, which assimilate him to God. His reason is a ray of the Infinite Reason, his conscience an oracle of the Divinity, publishing the Everlasting Law of Rectitude. Therefore, God is his Father, and heaven is a glorious reality.—*W. E. Channing.*

We have grown up under different influences. We bear different names. Diversities of opinion may incline us to worship under different roofs, or diversities of tastes or habit to worship with different forms. But there is a common ground of practice aloof from all controversy, on which we may all meet. We may all unite hearts and hands in doing good, in fulfilling God's purposes of love towards our race, in toiling and suffering in the cause of humanity, in spreading intelligence, freedom, and virtue, in making God known for the reverence, love, and imitation of his creatures, in resisting the abuses and corruptions of past ages, in rescuing the fallen from intemperance, in succoring the orphan and widow, in exposing and withstanding the spirit and horrors of war, in sending God's word to the ends of the earth, in redeeming the world from sin and woe. May this universal charity descend to us, and possess our hearts; may our narrowness, exclusiveness, and bigotry melt away!—*William Ellery Channing.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

For the following books please apply to Miss D. G. Putnam, 557 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.: "Astronomy," Warren; "History of Rome," Barnes; "French Grammar," Otto; "History of Greece," Barnes; "Grammar," Kerl's; "History of Cyrus and Alexander the Great," Abbott; "Dramatic French Reader," Collet; "Political Economy," Steele; "Manual of Phonography," Pitman; "Arithmetic," Fish; "Chemistry," Atherton's; "Literature of English Language," Hunt; "Rhetoric," Bain; "Natural Philosophy," Wells; "Zoölogy," Redfield; Biographical Dictionary; "Biology," Whythe; "Walks and Talks in Geological Fields," Winchell.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I have received some reading from the Cheerful Letter friends, and am very thankful for same. They are certainly a blessing to a person in this lonely place who is too poor to buy. Will you please send me "Stories from the Crusades," and oblige Theodore B. Goldesbury, Fall River, Kansas, Route 2?

2. Lester Bowman, Granite Falls, North Carolina, will be glad to receive reading of any kind.

3. Miss Margaret Cooper, Graham, North Carolina, who is preparing for Foreign

Mission work, asks for something helpful to read, especially the standard poets. She is a worthy girl and appreciative.

4. Mary C. Thornton, Lowesville, Virginia, will be glad of 1913 *Delineator*.

5. Mr. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia, wishes to thank those who have sent him reading, and asks for more. Mr. Tinsley is our wheel-chair friend.

6. Mrs. Harriette Jones, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, will be very glad to receive *Cheerful Letter* and reading.

7. Mrs. W. S. Tomlinson, Athens, Tennessee, will appreciate reading.

8. Mrs. J. A. Gateon, East Peru, Iowa, will be very glad of magazines.

9. Willie May Thompson, Tatum, Virginia, a little girl of ten, will be glad of suitable reading.

10. W. J. Heath, Mingus, Texas, will be glad of *Cheerful Letter* and reading for his mother of eighty-two. They live three miles from town.

11. Fronie S. Teel, Frenchboro, Maine, will appreciate *Cheerful Letter* and literature.

12. Miss Ela V. Grant, Munroe, Virginia, a young lady of nineteen, "would love good reading."

13. Miss Carrie J. Beaneau, Knightsville, Rhode Island, an invalid confined to her room, asks for "Minister's Wooing," or any book of Mrs. Stowe's.

14. Miss Sophy Gilbert, 1019 Clay Street, Lynchburg, Virginia, an invalid confined to the house most of the time, will appreciate any reading.

15. Mrs. M. A. Tucker, 405 East Russell Street, High Point, North Carolina, will be glad of reading.

16. I should be glad to get any kind of magazines or novels. Mrs. R. A. Laxton, Kings Creek, North Carolina.

17. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., asks for "Nautilus," or anything by Elizabeth Town.

18. Mrs. Sallie E. Spears, Marshville, North Carolina, R. F. D. 5, Box 10, asks for a Bible with large print, and suitable reading for her seventeen-year-old daughter.

19. Miss Mattie Joyce, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, will be very glad of light reading. She is a poor girl, living on a little farm in a very lonely neighborhood.

20. We have been moving around so that I have not received any reading lately, but have a home now back in Arkansas, so would like to get reading for myself and for my little girls. I should like the *Youth's Companion* for them. They are from six to thirteen years of age. I have enjoyed the reading so much in the past. Hoping to hear from you soon, Mrs. May (or Charles) Morgan. My last address was Lama, Oklahoma. My address now is Copeland, Arkansas.

21. Please send reading matter to a family of children whose ages range from six to fourteen years. They have lately moved from Springfield, Missouri. Address, Ethel Brentlinger, Hemet, California. I myself should like Browning and Carlyle, but shall be glad of anything you have for me. Mary E. Decker, 837 Billings Street, Springfield, Missouri.

22. Mrs. S. M. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, living in a lonely country place, will be very glad of any good reading, and asks especially for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Delineator* for 1913.

23. I have received a number of the *Cheerful Letter*, and like it so much. I live in the country, have four little children, and have spent a rather lonely winter, as I am unable to go anywhere. I love dearly to read, but do not take any books, papers, or magazines. I should be so glad to join the Cheerful Letter Exchange and receive reading matter, such as books, papers, and magazines,—something to cheer me. Address Mrs. W. T. Graves, Fredericksburg, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

24. I should like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Munsey's Magazine* for 1913, or any reading matter. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Grayce Hutchins (formerly Grayce Tennyson), Shawnee, Oklahoma, R. R. 4.

The Editor would be glad to receive the following numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* to complete a file: November, 1892; April, 1897; May, 1896; November, 1901. Please send these directly to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., as she can use duplicates.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

Good Habits.

Dear God, kind Gardener of my Heart,
Plant seeds of *goodness* there;
Protect that spring-time Garden by
Your loving thought and care.
O plant *Good Habits* in my Heart,
Each known by *name* to show
That there is left no room at all
For evil ones to grow.

O make Good Habits take deep root,
And flourish more and more,
So that their Fruit and Blossoms spread
Across my Garden's Door,
O plant the growing Habits of
True Kindness, Zeal, and Truth,
With Love to beautify and warm
The Garden of my Youth. *Amen.*

Self-Control.

Dear God, when anger fills my Heart
And fierce resentment burns in me,
When Reason takes no ruling part
In what my words or acts should be,
Then, God, please give me Self-control
To check the burning flame within;
O stop the anger waves that roll
And toss my Reason with their sin.

Show me that constant Self-control
Is like a Helmsman, calm and sure,
Who steers the Good Ship of my Soul
To Havens safe and good and pure.
O may I *know* that passion takes
My Strength and Reason all away,
While Self-control with Reason makes
My Strength the greater day by day.
Amen.

—*"Prayers for Little Men and Women," by John Martin.*

WHEN CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN IS RIGHT.

My first four years must have been normal and happy ones. They were spent with my maternal grandmother, who is also of Quaker descent, but who is evidently a reversion to the more combative, less introspective type of human kind. I remember well how this grandmother, in brusque, kindly fashion, used to slap my hands when I became unmanageable and send me about my business without very much ado, and how I used to come back very soon and actually get in her way in order to receive some sign of forgiveness and love. She never talked to me about my faults or tried to develop my conscience. Therein was the chief difference between her and my stepmother, in so far as they affected my childhood.

When I was capricious with my stepmother, she would talk to me by the half-hour, not reproachfully or didactically, but in a way which, if I had been some years older, would have appealed to my sense of personal responsibility and self-respect. She also had the habit of continually praising my character as a preventive against fits of naughtiness, and, when the preventive failed to work, she would assure me that, however I may *seem* to be during those moments of aberration known as loss of temper, she, my loving, understanding mother, knew perfectly well that her little daughter *meant* and *tried* to be reasonable, and that for the most part she succeeded admirably well.

Sometimes when this undeserved praise of my character fell upon a particular mood of mine, it irritated me far more than reproaches would have done. Or, rather,—I feel it still,—a normal reaction on my mother's part of resentment and reproach would have brought me to my senses at once. But her reiteration that I was really a very good and reasonable child provoked in me at such times a desire to do something so bad that she would be obliged to recognize my wicked intentions. It was as if my still savage little soul was running away and instinctively longed for a checking hand, for the firm support of opposition!

What I needed and was actually suffering for was a little authority of the kind, unquestioning sort, and a great deal of wholesome indifference or *laissez-faire*.

I very soon understood that, no matter what I did, my mother would never "slap" me. I dare say she told me so, for she detested even the thought of corporal punishment. The act itself was, in her eyes, unworthy of human dignity,—as if the child, a little undeveloped savage, can be reared according to the requirements of human dignity! Certainly, the prepossession that no matter what I did I would meet with no summary punishment had a decided effect upon my whole temper and conduct. I was morally and intellectually unequal to the dignity conferred upon me of having my peccadilloes result in spiritual instead of physical uncomfortableness.

The inborn stubbornness that characterizes at least nine-tenths of the human young developed in me very rapidly, owing to the knowledge on my part that, no matter how unreasonable my whim might be, I would, nevertheless, be permitted to argue my point; and, even if I did not gain it by this means, I would at least postpone an adverse decision.

As I look back on some of those long-drawn-out contests, I realize that I was simply experimenting with my mother just to see what was going to come next.

To send me to my room—to banish me if need be for a whole day—was, according to my mother's code, the extreme penalty. I hated this punishment—the open disgrace, the solitary meals, the reproachful looks of the servants who loved my mother and pitied her because of me. But, most of all and quite indescribably, I suffered from an incubus of moral and spiritual demands of which I had no adequate comprehension. A function was required of me for which as yet I possessed no organ. I suffered at such times as much, perhaps, as a child can suffer, and that is so much that in after years one is never able to forget. I cannot remember that I ever blamed my mother or felt angry with her. My suffering appeared to me inevitable. And it used to seem to me that, if I could only make myself jump from the window and end my life, in that way I might pay off the incomprehensible debt I owed to my mother and to every one who was not pleased with me. For all my genuine distress I was not without appreciation of a spectacular end.—*The Outlook.*

(*To be continued.*)

NATURAL HISTORY.

OCTOBER GOLD.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WOODLAND UNDER ITS MELLOWING INFLUENCE.

For ten days October has been making gold. The alchemy of the year complete, the seething time of transmutation over, out of it all was settling the pure, clear metal. No wonder gold has been a standard since the world of man began. Its very color represents final clarity and worth. In this ripening time of the year it gleams without alloy in the dawn and is long in fading from the sunset. The settling of all brown dregs of the season's turmoil leaves the world infused with it, intangible, but omnipresent, the wealth of us all, which we may not grasp with hands, but which comes to us as a birthright, a direct inheritance from heaven. Even the city dweller may have his at dawn and at nightfall, gathering it from beyond the chimney pots by a glance of the eye; and, inasmuch as it builds new life and hope into a man and heartens him for his daily toil, it gets the stamp of the coin of the realm and goes invisibly toward the paying of the rent. Through the woods in these mid-October days I have walked in a sea of it. Every year Midas comes back through Purgatory and touches all things with his fatal magic; and so purified has this been by fire that it no longer blights and starves, but nourishes and sustains the best that is in us; and we walk forth in field and woodland, rich in all that real gold can buy for us.

This wonder, stillness, and glow which seems to shut in the whole land as if in the clear heart of a topaz comes to us always in October. Yet so kindly to us is Nature, we forget about that of last year, and go about in exultation at this great boon that the season has brought to us, and exclaim over the delights of a time that surely was never before so perfect nor, probably, can ever be again. Nature mothers us in all ways, but her gift of forgetfulness is best in that it gives us always a background of soft haze against which recurring delights gleam new and marvellous at each recurrence. I had thought I knew every witch-hazel shrub in the wood for a mile about. It was only when they put on gold of October that I learned better, finding most beautiful ones in unexpected places, just where I discovered them last year, very likely in the same way. It seems to me now as if this were the commonest of under-forest growths, for all the woods are gold with the delicate color of the ovate leaves; and where these have fallen, the straggly, self-sufficient branches are decorated with a clearer gold, yet in the sweet-scented blooms. The witch-hazel is the Oriental of our woods. It has all the meditative secretiveness, the still dignity of far Cathay. In it the shadowy spaces become galleries of Japanese art, and Hobson's invasion from Nippon is already an accomplished fact. It seems to me that the Mikado, walking through in triumph, would feel that his own decorators had put up the witch-hazel.—*Winthrop Packard.*

JOAN OF ARC.

III.

(*Continued from last number.*)

The people had faith in Jeanne, but the nobles still doubted and distrusted her. She was always obliged to overcome their resistance. They had no faith in her taking Orleans, but she took it. They did not dare to go to Rheims, and had offered instead a campaign on the Loire. She accepted it, and finished it in a week, taking Jargeau June 12. On the 15th she was at Baugency,

and took it on the 17th. On the 18th she encountered at Patay both Talbot and Falstaffe, hitherto victorious, and they were routed by the vanguard of the French. The English prestige came to an end that day. One fortified city after another had opened its gates to the French king. The French generals offered no more positive resistance to her commands, yet envy of her influence filled some jealous hearts, and they sought, privately always, to weaken her power over the king.

Throughout the march to Rheims, prudence, in the form of the king's counsellors, was always advising one thing, and faith, speaking by Jeanne, another. When they reached Troyes, prudence declared that they could neither take so large and well-defended a place, nor would it be safe to leave it in their rear: they had better return. So thought the Archbishop of Rheims. But one old counsellor argued more wisely, and reconciled earthly and heavenly wisdom. He said, "When the king undertook this march, he did so not because of his great force or abundance of money, but merely because Jeanne said, 'Go and be crowned at Rheims!' Let us now do as she says. Ask her if we shall attack the city." Jeanne was called. "Shall I be believed?" said she. "If you say what is reasonable, I will believe you," said the king. "Shall I be believed?" she repeated. "Yes!" replied the king. "Then, noble Dauphin, tell your people to assault the town; for, by my God, you shall enter Troyes, by force or love, in two days." "If we could be sure of entering in six," said the chancellor, "we would wait; but I have my doubts of it." "Six?" said she. "You shall be masters of Troyes to-morrow!" She led them to the assault, and the town was taken.

This was on the 9th of July. On the 15th they entered Rheims, and the king was crowned on the 17th, with all the usual ceremonies. Jeanne occupied the highest place on this occasion, with her standard in her hand. Then she flung herself on her knees, weeping, and said, "O gentle king, now is accomplished the will of God, that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and bring you to be crowned here, to show that you are the right king and that the kingdom belongs to you."

Touched by the sight of the people, who came singing hymns to welcome the king, she said: "O the good people! When I die, I should like to be buried here." "When will you die, Jeanne?" said Dunois. "I cannot tell," she replied,—"when God wills. I would that he would let me return to my father and mother, and keep my sheep again. They would be so glad to see me. But I have done what the Lord commanded."

The old chronicle says that, thus speaking, she lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and all the lords who were in presence never saw so plainly, as in her looks then, that she came from God.

Wallon says, quoting the words of the French generals, that the English had become completely demoralized; and this wonderful girl had not only taken, in a week, all the principal English fortresses on the Loire, defeated their best troops and captains on the field, caused all the great cities to open their gates, but without opposition had marched to Rheims through a territory which a month before had been wholly in the English power. He adds that she not only inspired an immense enthusiasm, but also displayed an extraordinary military ability. She rode her horse and wielded her lance like an old knight. She seemed to understand by intuition the details of war. Well might the people believe in her. Her great renown had not impaired her modesty. She claimed no merit, saying, "My work is but a ministry." She showed the same constant piety as before, observed daily prayers and masses, and maintained the same purity of life. Evil thought fled from the most impure minds in her presence. Every night she stayed with the most virtuous women in the place where she might be.

She claimed no miraculous power, though doing most works miraculous. "Nothing like these acts of yours have been told of, even in any book," said one. "My Master has a book," she answered, "which the wisest clerk has never read." When some of the women of Bourges asked her to touch crosses and chaplets, she laughed, and said, "Touch them yourselves, they will be quite as good."

Jeanne now felt that her work was done, and begged the king to let her return to her home and her sheep.

Great pity it was, says the old record, to hear her ask, as her reward in the midst of this great triumph, to be permitted to go back to her peasant's home and tasks. Two of her brothers, Pierre and Jean, had followed her to Rheims. Her father, Arc, and uncle, Laxart, met her there.

It is pleasant to see that the village of Domremy was exempted, by letters-patent of the king, from all taxes, for the sake of the Maid. Charles VII. also gave letters of nobility to the young girl and to all her family, and by exception, very intelligible, the female descendants were included. But

still more remarkable was the tribute to her virtues in aftertimes. After the defeat of Napoleon, the allied armies, passing on to Paris, came to the village of Domremy. There the German troops, out of respect to the memory of this maiden, forbore to plunder or do any injury to the inhabitants.

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

—*"Events and Epochs in Religious History," by James Freeman Clarke.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A VISIT TO GETTYSBURG, JULY 7, 1863.

On Saturday evening, July 4, we saw, in the New York *Herald* of the same day, the name of our nephew, an officer of a Pennsylvania regiment; and against the name these ominous words, "wounded and missing." We determined to leave the next evening (Sunday) for Gettysburg, to look for him there. I went to Boston to find the governor, and get a letter to the military authorities of Baltimore. The governor's house was closed. He had taken the opportunity (so I learned afterwards) of the 4th of July, not to go into the country to rest and enjoy himself, as I then supposed, but to shut himself in the State House with his secretaries, and work all day, undisturbed by callers.

Sunday evening, at six, we set out for New York.

In New York at 5 A.M., Monday; in Philadelphia at 12. There we stayed till 3 P.M., inquiring at the Army Directory of the Sanitary Commission, at the Medical Bureau, at the military bureaus, at the hospitals; but hear nothing of our wounded soldier. So, at 3, we go on to Baltimore, and arrive at the Eutaw House at 7 or 8 P.M.

The halls of this excellent hotel are full of soldiers, among whom I recognize at once many friends. Massachusetts is well represented at Gen. Schenck's headquarters. I have no difficulty about the pass to Gettysburg. In fact, almost the first person I see is an old friend, an important member of the Sanitary Commission, who is sending up carloads of comforts and necessaries for the wounded, and agents of the Commission to distribute them. "You can go to-night at 12," says he, "as one of our agents." So I decide to go. But, as it is possible that the young lieutenant colonel we are seeking may be in Baltimore, and not in Gettysburg, my wife remains to look for him there, while I go on.

So about midnight I find myself in a dark freight-car,—from which, however, I am transferred to a passenger-car by and by,—and am going slowly to the scene of action. Our passenger-car is attached to a long line of freight-cars. There is no conductor to the train, only an engineer. The stops are many and long, for there is but one track. The engine toils up the steep grades, and at last stands still, dead beat. In twelve hours we had gone about half of the seventy-five miles. Nothing to eat but a piece of bread bought at a wayside inn or grocery. *Pazienza!* The sun is going down: it is five o'clock in the afternoon, when we at last stop a mile or two from the town. The first person, almost, whom I see is the colonel of my nephew's regiment. He tells me that the young man is in the place: "He has lost his right arm, but is doing well. Take this card: you can find him by it."

I go on at once to the town. It is a small one, and I expect to find him at once. But such is the utter confusion which prevails that I do not succeed till after three hours' search. During that time I visit the hospitals in the churches, where the men are as close as they can lie; I visit the Provost Marshal's office; I hunt up surgeons; I call at one house after another. But the whole town has been turned inside out and upside down, and no one knows where any one is. But an officer tells me that one of his friends will be able in an hour or so to take me to the place I am seeking. So I employ that hour in going up the Emmetsburg road to visit a part of the field of battle.

It was the decisive battle of the war. One of our generals told me that he had it from one of the Confederate generals taken prisoner at Gettysburg, that Gen. Lee entered Pennsylvania with a highly disciplined army of nearly a hundred thousand men. Gen. Lee assured every one that he should remain as long as he wished; that there was no earthly power strong enough to drive him back across the Potomac. He expected to meet, conquer, and destroy the Army of the Potomac; then to march on Baltimore, and occupy it, laying it under military contributions; then to march on Washington, and dictate terms of peace in our capital. Such was his plan. Its success depended on his defeating our army, but of that he felt certain. He had defeated it at Chancellorsville by one of his brilliant manœuvres. He considered it demoralized by that defeat and by frequent change of commanders. He knew his own army to be larger and better disciplined. He believed that he should be able, as before, to select his own position, and break down our army by hurling concentrated masses

of troops upon the weakest points. He had from eighty to ninety thousand men; Gen. Meade, from sixty to seventy thousand. It will be seen, therefore, how important this battle was to our cause. If our army had been routed, it is certain that we could not have held Baltimore,—probably not Washington. I was told in Baltimore that the friends of the Confederates had made all their preparations to welcome the army of Lee. They were expecting them, within a week, in that city. There was a home-guard there indeed, and barricades capable of resisting a dash of cavalry, but not of keeping out for an hour a victorious army. I saw these barricades in all the main avenues of the city, and fortifications recently erected on the outskirts of Baltimore, but nothing capable of an effective defence.

We see, then, the greatness of the danger to which we were exposed, and from which we were delivered by the heroism of the Army of the Potomac and the skill of our generals. The more I look at it, the more I deem it the greatest crisis of the war, and the battle of Gettysburg the most decisive battle ever fought on this continent.

If Lee had occupied Baltimore and Washington, even the taking of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and Charleston would have been small consolation to us. Let us thank God to-day, then, for the crowning mercy that he vouchsafed us on those bloody but glorious days. As I paced over the field torn with shot, stumbled over unexploded projectiles, and kicked aside the cartridges which lay on the ground where the lines had stood; as I saw the horses and men yet lying where they fell four days before; as I marked some of the points where the great struggle took place,—the lines of Bryant recurred to my heart:—

"Oh! never shall the land forget
Where gushed the best blood of its brave,
Gushed warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."

It was on Tuesday afternoon, four days after the battle, that I spent an hour on the field. The sun shone brightly over the scene. I was alone, and was glad to be alone.

The town of Gettysburg gave no evidence of having been the scene of any great struggle. No houses had been burned, no walls injured by artillery, not even windows broken. The high discipline of the Confederate Army is attested by this fact. They took bread and food from the inhabitants, but little else. Inferior to ours in enthusiasm and intelligence, they are a better machine for fighting purposes. Any man who deserts or flinches is shot; but our good-hearted President allows no such severity among us, and so thousands of lives are lost by disastrous retreats and defeats, in order to save a few deserters from being punished.

So, as I say, the little village of Gettysburg, containing between three and four thousand inhabitants, had not suffered severely from the thousands of shell and shot which had been fired directly over it from two hundred cannon in position. I walked up its streets, and saw women sitting in their open doorways, talking, laughing, as though nothing had happened. And, indeed, some of them told me that on one of the three days they did not know the battle was going on till it was over. All the churches of the place had been turned into hospitals. I went into one or two of them, seeking for the young man whom I had come to look after. The pews were floored over, and the men lay close together, with every variety of wounds, in the head, the body, the arms, the limbs; but they were all so patient and so quiet that it touched one's heart to see them.

I found my lieutenant colonel at last, after two or three hours' search among the ten thousand wounded in and around Gettysburg. He was a graduate of Harvard, 1862, and commanded a regiment of four hundred men in the first day's battle, when the First and Eleventh Army Corps held back, for four long hours, the whole of Lee's army.

This regiment, with two others, making twelve hundred in all, held back five thousand men. They were shelled for an hour, and then were under a fire of musketry from the whole five thousand for another hour. Most of the officers were wounded, some of them two or three times. Of four hundred men belonging to this regiment who went into the fight a hundred and five only came out untouched. The young man of whom I write commanded his regiment through this fight, and was wounded three times: the last time, as he was standing in front of his line, waving his sword to encourage his men, his sword dropped, and he found himself shot through the arm by a Minié rifle. He went back, tied up his arm himself, then selected an officer to take his place; and, not wishing to take a single man away from the fight, walked alone a mile and a half to the hospital, and reported himself to the surgeon, who amputated his arm.

I walked up the road from the town toward the cemetery. All along the way lay torn equipments, broken ramrods and guns and bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and cartridges. Here lay in the road a dead horse. In a

field, not far off, I saw what looked like a man. I went up, and found a man, in the rebel uniform, lying on his back, his hand white, and held up toward me in an attitude which seemed to say, "Help me!" I went on and came to another. He was lying crouched together, his gun fallen under him. So I walked on, looking at one and another, each lying in a different attitude, each attitude seeming to show the last thought and feeling which was in the mind of the poor fellow as he died. Each of them had a home, mother, wife, children. These look out of their window, and say, "When will he come back?" Poor desolated homes, South as well as North! Long will they look, and look in vain, for the return of those dear to them as ours to us.—*James Freeman Clarke, in Monthly Journal of American Unitarian Association, September, 1863.*

(To be concluded in November number.)

ABOUT THE BIRDS.

In *The Country Gentleman* of July a page is devoted to an interesting article by Edward B. Clark on "The Farmer's Best Friends." In this article he makes a special appeal for the king bird, saying that it is "the guardian of the poultry yard," as it is so much feared by crows and hawks. It eats bees, but scientists have made investigations which they believe prove that the king bird distinguishes between the drones and the working bees and eats only the former.

The grosbeak loves potato bugs and is invaluable in a potato patch.

The flicker feeds on the ground ants that disfigure our garden paths and lawns.

The red-tailed hawk and the red-shouldered hawk seldom kill chickens or other birds, but about eighty-five per cent. of their food is made up of rodents that are destructive to agriculture, such as mice and moles.

Mr. Clark says that the American sparrow is a great insect eater; but he, like many more who write about birds, gives no credit to the English sparrow, which is also known to devour ants, canker worms, and other troublesome creatures. Fifteen years of close observation of the English sparrow entitles me to declare this fact in their favor, which is the testimony of my own eyes.

"Save the birds" is a cry that has echoed all over the world, yet we still see women who show the selfishness and weakness of their character by the feathers on their hats.—*A. H. S*

THE LAST HERON.

High above the marshy wastes which border the Klamath Lakes in Southern Oregon a lone white heron winged its flight a few months ago, the sole survivor of a once numerous family.

On broad pinions the snowy survivor of a former legion floated to the east and then to the west, the far-seeing eyes searching vainly each stretch of lake, land, or sedgy waste for a familiar patch of white which would betoken the presence of father, mother, mate, chick, or friend.

He saw none; for President Roosevelt had been too late in setting aside the Klamath district as a national bird reserve, and the delay had sealed the fate of the white heron family.

But one is left, according to the officials of the United States Land Office and of the National Association of Audubon Societies, just one sample remains of myriad thousands of one of the most beautiful of all native birds.

The decree of fashion has brought about such a butchery that biological historians will in future works record the fact that in A.D. 1908 the white heron followed the great auk over the dismal trail that stretches backward to the ages that are gone.—*The Technical World.*

DROWNING BOY SAVED BY DOG.

A Scotch collie owned by a doctor in Greenville, Illinois, showed bravery recently such as entitles one to a Carnegie hero medal. Francis Cox, eight years old, was skating on a pond near his home, when the ice broke and he sank into the water. His calls for help were answered by the collie.

The dog ran to the bank, seemed to realize the peril of the boy, and plunged into the water. Taking hold of the back of the young lad's coat, the animal towed him to a place where he could reach the bank.

The father of the boy offered a fancy price for the animal, but the owner of the dog refused to sell.

In our best hours we believe firmly in immortality. We walk there by faith in things unseen and eternal. We fully trust the eternal Goodness.

On, bravely, through the sunshine and the showers;
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.
I share the good with every flower.

People may talk as much as they like about their religion; but, if it does not teach them to be good and kind to man and beast, it is all a sham.—*A. Sewell, "Black Beauty."*

I like the idea of using courtesy to animals. They are very appreciative of politeness, and observant of the reverse. They like to be laughed with, but have a great objection to be laughed at.—*Sir A. Helps, "Animals and their Masters."*

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the thirteen sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, will spell the name of a senator from Massachusetts born in October.

1. The sign says Beware of the Dog.
2. They enjoyed the art exhibit very much.
3. Near the house was a fine spring.
4. The fire destroyed the ice house near the station.
5. Each soldier had his own tent.
6. The loss by smoke was very great.
7. The water was very cold.
8. The eel is a very long fish.
9. The battle of X. ended the war.
10. The rain was very light.
11. The fire destroyed the theatre.
12. The East wind brought much relief to the hot city.
13. The result of the ball game was unsatisfactory to the home team.

II.

ACROSTIC.

All the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower right hand letter, will spell the name of a day in October.

1. A county of Massachusetts.
2. A cathedral in England.
3. A Theban general.
4. A town in Massachusetts.
5. One of the states of the American Union.
6. By way of, or along the coast.
7. A famous Queen.
8. A famous battle in Ancient history.
9. A lake in Northern New York.

III.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

P	E	D	O	E	H	J	A	M	U	A
A	R	O	S	D	T	E	I	E	N	E
R	R	J	E	E	R	M	D	S	I	T
K	E	A	M	N	O	A	N	M	A	R

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of three Unitarian ministers may be spelled.

IV.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In lime, but not in paper.
In Christian, but not in song.
In cleansed, but not in State.
In coin, but not in money.
In noise, but not in letter.
In love, but not in cheerful.
In ancient, but not in old.
My *whole* is the name of two Presidents of the United States.

Answers to puzzles in the September Number.

I. ENIGMA.—When God made the world, the bag containing the rocks broke,—and they fell out and formed the Tsernagora.

II. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Popocatapetl.

III. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Labor Day.

IV. FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN SEPTEMBER.—1. James Fenimore Cooper. 2. Samuel Johnson. 3. Marquis De Lafayette. 4. Marshall. 5. Horatio Nelson.

V. HALF SQUARE.—H O M E R
O M I T
M I X
E T
R

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, November 7, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.